WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, February 19, 1803. [No. 20.

THE CRIMINAL.

[*From Lost Honor: by Schiller.*]

(Continued from p. 146.)

"THEY had seated me betwixt two women, which was the place of honor at table. I expected to find in them the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment on discovering amongst this abandoned crew the most beautiful female forms, which ever my eyes had seen, Margaret the elder and more beautiful of the two assumed the title of *maid* and could scarce have attained her five and twentieth year; she talked in a very licentious manner, and what her tongue concealed, her gestures fully expressed. Maria the younger was married, but had eloped from a husband, who had used her ill. She was more delicate, but looked rather pale and sickly, and dazzled less than her fiery neighbor. Both these women contended with one another to enflame my desires; the beauteous Margaret endeavored to obviate my reserve with her licentious jests, but she was altogether my aversion, and the bashful Maria had captivated my heart for ever.

"You see, brother landlord," began the man, who had brought me here, "you see on what footing we live here with one another, and every day is the same. Is it not comrades?"

"Every day is the same! repeated the whole band.

"If you can therefore resolve to find our manner of life agreeable, become one of us, and be our leader. Hitherto I have filled that honorable station, but I will yield the place to you. Do you agree comrades?"

"A joyful yes was echoed from every throat.

"My head was on fire, my brain was confused, my blood boiled with desire and wine. The world had cast me off as one infected with the plague;—here I found brotherly reception, good-living, and honor. Whatever had been my choice I had nothing to expect but death; but here I could at least sell my life at a higher price. Lust was my most violent passion; till now the fair sex had treated me with contempt; here, favor and the most unbridled pleasures awaited me. My determination cost me but little: "I'll stay with you, comrades," called I, in a loud and resolute tone of voice, as I stepped into the midst of the gang. "I'll stay with you," called I again, "On condition that you will relinquish to me my pretty neighbor," —All consented, to grant my desire; I was the declared master of a W****, and the captain of a band of robbers."—

I pass over the remaining part of the history, the merely detestable can have nothing instructive for the reader. An unfortunate wretch, who is sunk so very low as this, must at last become familiar with every vice, which disgraces human nature—but he never committed a second murder, as he himself declared when put to the torture.

The deeds of this man in a short time spread alarm through the whole province. The highways were rendered unsafe; frequent house-breaking *by night* distressed the citizen; the name of the landlord of the sun became the terror of the country people; justice made strict search for him, and set a reward on his head. He was fortunate enough to frustrate every attempt on his liberty, and sufficiently artful to avail himself of the fears of the superstitious peasant for his own safety. His associates had spread a rumor, that he was a sorcerer, and had made a league with the devil. The district in which he played his part, was still less then, than at the present day, to be accounted amongst the civilized in Germany.—The report was credited, and his person protected. No-body seemed inclined to engage with the dangerous fellow, whom the devil patronized.

He had now followed this unhappy line of life a year, when it began to grow insupportable to him. The band, at whose head he had placed himself, had not fulfilled his brilliant expectation. Overpowered with wine, he

had then suffered himself to be won by a dazzling outside, now he discovered with horror how abominably he had been deceived. Hunger and want succeeded in the place of that superfluity with which they had enveigled him; very often was he compelled to risk his life for a single meal, and even that was barely sufficient to keep soul and body together.

The shadow of that brotherly harmony vanished. Envy, suspicion, and jealousy kept this infernal band in perpetual dissention. Justice had offered a reward to any one, who would deliver him up alive, and should he be an accomplice, a solemn promise of pardon besides—a powerful inducement for the dregs of mankind. The integrity of those who had betrayed both God and man was but a poor security for his life. Sleep from this moment fled his eye-lids; constant fear of death preyed upon his rest; the ghastly spectre of suspicion haunted him wherever he fled; tortured him, when awake; couched on his pillow, when he went to sleep; and terrified him in horrid dreams. His conscience, which long had been dumb, at the same time regained the power of speech, and the canker-worm of repentance, which had been asleep, awoke at this general storm in his breast. All his hatred fell now from mankind and turned its terrible edge against himself. He forgave all nature, and found nobody to curse but himself alone.

Vice had accomplished its lesson on the unhappy wretch; his sound natural judgment at last triumphed over the sad deception. Now he felt how low he was fallen; a more settled melancholy succeeded in the place of wild despair. He wished with tears to recal the past, for he was now positive, that he would lead quite a different life. He began to hope that he might still be honest, because he felt he could be so. At the highest pitch of his iniquity he was perhaps nearer the good, than he was before his first transgression.

Just about this time the seven years war broke out, and the recruiting was carried on with great spirit. From this circumstance the unhappy wretch entertained hopes, and wrote a letter to his sovereign, an extract of which I shall here insert.

"If your princely favor does not shrink back at the idea of descending to me, if offenders of my nation do not lie beyond the limits of your mercy, grant me, I beseech you, most gracious sovereign, a hearing. I am a murderer and a thief. The law has condemned me to death, justice pursues me; and I offer to present myself voluntarily, but at the same time I lay before your throne a strange supplication. I detest life? and fear not to die, but awful to me are the thoughts of death, without having lived. I would wish to live, in order to compensate for a part of the past; I would wish to live, in order to conciliate myself with the state, which I have injured. My execution will prove an example for the world, but no recompence for my crimes. I have an abhorence for vice, and feel an ardent desire for virtue. I have displayed abilities, which have rendered me the terror of my country, I hope I still retain some to be useful to it.

"I am conscious that I require what is unprecedented. My life is forfeited, it does not become me to enter on stipulations with justice. But I do not appear before you in fetters and chains,—still I am free—and my fear has the smallest share in my prayer.

"It is mercy for which I entreat you. A claim on justice, if I even had one, I would not presume to adduce.—However, I may still be allowed to remind my judges of one circumstance. The æra of my crimes commences with the sentence which for ever deprived me of honor. Had equity been then less denied me, I should now perhaps have no need of mercy.

"Let mercy take place of law my sovereign. It is in your gracious power to dispense with the laws in my behalf; confer upon me my life. It shall from this moment be devoted to your service. If you can, let me know your most gracious will from the public papers. and I shall on your princely word present myself in the capital. If you have determined otherwise with me, let justice do its duty, I must do mine."

This petition remained unanswered, as likewise a second and a third, in which the supplicant begged for the place of a dragoon in the prince's service—His hope of a pardon totally extinguished, he formed therefore the resolution of flying out of the country, and of dying as a gallant soldier in the service of the king of Prussia.

He escaped happily from his band, and began his journey. The way led him through a small country town, where he meant to pass the night. A short time before, stricter mandates had been issued throughout the whole country for the vigorous examination of travellers, because the sovereign, prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. Such orders had also been enjoined to the examiner of this town, who was setting on a bench before the gate as the landlord of the sun rode up to it. The equipage of this man exhibited something comic, and at the same time frightful and wild. The rosinante on which he rode, and the burlesque choice of his garments, where his taste had probably been less consulted than the chronology of his robberies, made a wonderful contrast with a face, on which were displayed so many violent affections, like mangled carcases on a field of battle. The examiner stopped short at the sight of this strange wanderer. He had grown grey at the gate, and a forty years experience had rendered him an infallible physiognomist for all vagabonds. The keen eye of this scrutinizing interrogator did not even here mistake its man. He immediately shut the gate, and laying hold of the reins, demanded of the rider his passport. Wolf was prepared for something of this kind, and carried really a passport with him, which he had lately taken from a merchant, whom he had robbed. But this single testimony was not sufficient to remove suspicions confirmed by a forty years experience, or to provoke the oracle at the gate to a revocation. The examiner credited his own eyes more than this paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the justice.

The justice of the place examined the passport and declared it to be good. He was a great lover of news, and was particularly fond of talking politics over a bottle. The passport informed him, that the bearer of it came directly from the enemy's country, where the theatre of the war then was. He hoped to draw from the stranger some private information, and sent back a secretary with the passport to invite him to drink a glass of wine with him.

(To be concluded in our next)

The Student, No. III.

Τοῦτ πδὺς σοφὸς ιτθυ μάτην δ' Ε σίνυσσι ἔπος
Πε το χινν ξητεῖ κ τίνες αι μονάδες

Automedon.

On useful topics be thy thoughts employ'd,
Leave to the schools their atoms and their void.

MAN is naturally eager in the pursuit of knowledge. When in the progress of research, he has reached the utmost limits of conception; deaf to the voice of recoiling reason, he launches rashly on the wide Ocean of conjecture, where *Fancy* is his only Pilot, and *plausibility* the only land-mark of direction. The same principle which leads him to lose the present in enquiries into the future, begets that fatal propensity, of depreciating the acquisitions within his sphere, and of prying officiously into the arcana of Nature and of reason, which Omniscience has veiled in a temporary night. Within the compass of analogy and of fact, the mind may be decided in its operations; but beyond, all is doubtful and obscure—there extravagance is the result of every essay, and the proudest triumphs of attainment, uncertainty or delusion.

The man of calm and sober enquiry, must lament the passion of the day, for wild and visionary speculation. Research is no longer meritorious, when it ceases to be useful. It may indeed receive a partial tribute of admiration, to its ingenuity and toil, but its highest boast at last will be a splendid obscurity; unembalmed in the gratitude of the virtuous, and without a single claim on the applause of after ages. And yet how often do we see the fervors of enterprize exhausted, on topics, which regard neither the amelioration of humanity nor the enlargement of scientific vision.

Nor is this the only error which leads genius from its proper channel, and dissipates its noblest energies. Although the mind is most willing to aspire, and from the *extravagance* of its enterprize we have most to fear; yet that diffidence which confines to trivial objects, a genius calculated to ascend the elevations of science is no less reprehensible, than the mad presumption which hurries beyond the limits of reason, and is lost in the chaos of conjecture. *Septunculus* has written volumes on the mystery of vegetation—he has the universe compressed in a box; and has wandered for years through the planetary system, giving existence to a thousand imaginary worlds. He was partial to *Physiognomy*; and so far did he carry his notions in that science, as to decide the character of the mind, from the color of the hair, a bow, or a wrinkle; and a single posture of the body often prejudiced him against a stranger for life. The first ten years of his studies were occupied in calculating chances, and in attempting to determine by fixed principles, the date of every man's existence, but he bestowed little thought upon his own; and death at last put him to *rest*, in the midst of a scheme to discover perpetual *motion*. Septunculus smiled contemptuously at the pursuit of *Decius*, who spent the greater part of his life in improving the mechanism of a *smoke-jack*. And yet Decius had the greater genius of the two; and wronged *himself* as much by the mediocrity of his efforts as Septunculus did *mankind* by his air-fed speculations.

These remarks were suggested by the following communication of *Hobgoblicus*, whose evident intention is, to ridicule the mock philosophers of the day. Those useless beings, who spend their lives and fortunes in search of some unimportant truth, or the devolution of some inexplicable mystery.

Mr. Student,

My faculties have for some time been engrossed by an idea, which to a person of your superior understanding, may appear somewhat extravagant. It is that our destinies are guided by some inferior agency, subservient to the grand fiat of Omnipotence; that there are little Beings, acting in immediate relation to individuals, and like the guardian sylphs of Pope, watching and directing every action of our lives. In embracing this opinion, I have not been guided by the uncertain glimmerings of chimera, or the faithless dreams of speculation; but by the unerring ray of reason and of fact. You cannot for a moment imagine to yourself, that Omnipotence, which governs the destinies of empires, and the revolutions of worlds, stooping to enquire into the petty concerns of an individual; and with the same arm which guides the fate of the universe, moulding the incident of every being—the trifles of every hour. The idea is inconsistent—we can imagine no such thing.

History informs us that Brutus was visited by an attendant spirit, on the night that preceded his engagement; a lambent flame is said to have sported on the head of the infant Tarquin, and an Eagle to have settled on the cradle of a certain hero, as an indication of his future glory. Homer too seems to have been sensible of the truth I am advocating, when he assigns to his Heroes their respective Deities; encircling their favorite with a god-like charm, and inspiriting them to the conflict; so that whatever may be their form or nature, or however they may discharge their respective functions, the existence of these mysterious beings is placed beyond a doubt. Credit certainly cannot be refused to the Sage Chronologist of Antiquity; and let me tell you Mr. Omega, a rational openess to conviction, is preferable to that perverse incredulity which laughs every notion out of countenance, not reducible to the sphere of its own conception. I therefore subscribe without hesitation to the opinion, that there exists a *good* and *evil genius*, presiding respectively over every action, and investigating the evolutions of every hour.

I was some time indeed reluctant in adopting an idea, so novel and so eccentric. An accidental circumstance however removed every remnant of uncertainty, and truth darted like a sun-beam across my mind. As I was the other day walking the green of our college, and reading Horace's ode to Phyrra, to divert my mind if possible from its gloomy but favorite topic; I was met by a fellow-student.—"Ah! my good *Hobgoblicus* (said he) I meet you at a very seasonable moment. I have just escaped having my brains knocked out. In passing through the dark passage of the lower apartment (as my good genius would have it) I stumbled and fell—for at that instant a blow, which was aimed at me by a huge country fellow with whom I had the ill luck to quarrel a few days since, whizzed over my head."—I heard no more; conviction flashed in my face—Yes thought I his good genius *must* have tript him——I hurried to my chamber without attending to the queries of my friend, who asked me if I were mad? and scarcely allowed myself repose, till I had scraped together the following remarks. I hope you will not accuse me of indolence when I tell you, that I have already spent *six months* in the investigation of this interesting topic. In

that time I have never taken up Virgil but to pursue him in his journey to the shades; the tales of witches and of Genii, interested me far more than the philosophy of Seneca, or the morals of Epictetus; and I have been forced already to feign myself twice in a fever to escape our *examinations*.

But to the subject—It will be proper in the first place, to consider the allotted and respective duties of our good and evil genius, that we may be able the more fully to discuss their nature and relations. Here we derive assistance from experience only. The *one* distributes misfortunes, the *other* happiness; the first involves in perplexity, the second extricates from its mazes; in short there is an eternal warfare of interest and design, between these two Commissary-Generals of destiny. It is her *evil genius* which blows up a cruel shower, or gives her *Grannum* the *Hystericks*, when *Delia* is on the eve of an engagement. *Flotella* declares that *Sycophantus* is *her* evil genius; for she can never walk a square from home, but he trips up to her with "a charming day madam," nor attend a single party, without being pestered with his trifling, to the exclusion of every other conversation: and all the while she entertains for him the most fervent aversion, and though she does not regard his intentions with an absolute coldness; yet she frequently laughs in his face, in the midst of his most anxious efforts to amuse her. I scarcely know which to pronounce the evil genius of the two, one who teazes with unwelcome assiduity, or she who suffers it with complacency though unwelcome. The Debauchee, staggering home from his midnight bottle, finds an evil genius at every corner; the *Watchman* and the *Lamp-post* are his greatest curses. The Spendthrift always looks for *his* evil genius over his right shoulder; and poor Dorinda who has just recovered from the small pox, finds *him* in her looking-glass. It is this thwarting mischief-making sprite, that sends away the fortune-hunter with a flea in his ear, and traces an untimely wrinkle on the bloom of fifty-five. That plumps the *Politician* into a *Tar-barrel*, or the *Wife* into her Husband's *breeches*. He has been known to run away in the night; with lovely Tabitha's teeth and eye-brows, and the *Suwarrow* whiskers of the lanthorn-jaw'd Floranthus. It is his evil genius which prompts the writer, in the scorn of scumming the surface, to dive so deep as to lose himself; and in the apprehension of appearing unlearned, render himself unintelligible. In short this same evil genius (as I have heard our friend Tim Truant say) is a great Bore.

As for his rival he is a good-natured fellow—he looks as smiling as our Steward on St. Patrick's Day. *He* spoils no pretty faces, soils no new coats; runs away with no artificial features, nor drives the chop-fallen lover to a *Pistol* or a *Halter*—no, no, he is a "Deity that's perfectly well bred"——he has little indeed to do with justice or with right ——*politeness* is his maxim——he saves many a villain from the gallows, where without his aid, greater merit would have swung. *His* kind dictate bade *Hyacinthus* on the eve of bankruptcy, use the hand of the rich Lucinda, to scrape his *chesnuts from the coals*. This accommodating Deity has ever been known to transform himself into a Wife!!!—*Octavia* is said to have warned *Cæsar* of his danger, and her counsels but for his *Husband-like* obstinacy would have prevented the catastrophe that followed.—Was this not to be found in the records of ancient times, with all my credulity I would scarcely believe it. Ye halcyon days of hymeneal bliss! shall we no more—but hold—Mr. Omega's pardon—I did not recollect while writing, that the truth is not always to be spoken, nor that these lines are to meet the eyes of *woman* and pass the previous scrutiny of her champion.

Having presupposed as much as was necessary, and supposing what is presupposed to be proved; (which is the current way of arguing) and having pointed out the respective employments of these rival beings; it remains to investigate their essential natures, and their relations to the human frame.—This I shall defer to a future communication. In the mean time Mr. Student, these remarks are submitted to your indulgence; leaving you to determine, whether or not his *own* evil genius, has prompted this effusion of

Your devoted Servant,

Hobgoblicus.

As to Mr. Hobgoblicus's concluding quere, I think it looks too much like a *trap* for a compliment, and therefore (as I am not learned in that science) I turn him over to the reader for a decision. In one instance however he must excuse me, If I call in question, the policy of his taking so much liberty with the sentiments of a particular superintending providence. However indulgence may be allowed to satire in attacking established opinions, for the purpose of subverting adopted errors; there are certainly bounds to be observed, beyond which it would be dangerous to adventure; and in exceeding which, the writer betrays a presumption no less palpable, than the folly against which the severity of his wit is levelled. The immortal Juvenal says——

——Patitur pœnas peccandi scela voluntas;
Nam scelus intra se tactitum qui cogitat ullum.
Facti cumen habet.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault,

Creech.

When familiarity has once worn off disgust for a dangerous sentiment, half the work of error is accomplished. The mere assertion of an opinion so treasonous to the majesty of Heaven, must be in the highest degree shocking to the Christian; and he will hardly find an apology for its introduction, in the *Irony* which it is meant to enforce. I have no hesitation however in saying, that the writer would be far from supporting as a *man*, the sentiment which as a *satyrist* he has adopted; and would readily join in opinion with myself, that however impossible it might be for us to "imagine it," Providence directs the minuter as well as the more important operations of nature, that in the mind of every man he sees a little Universe, no less worthy of his care, than the vast system of planetary evolution—the immensity of created being.

OMEGA.

From my Elbow-Chair,
Syntax Hall.
Kal. Feb. Anno Reipublicæ 27.

A young girl, quarrelling with an old woman, the latter called her a ——; the girl retorted by calling her an old sorceress. "You find then," replied the old woman, "that I have guessed right."

To the Editors of the Weekly Visitor.

I LATELY received a letter, of which the enclosed is a copy, (except the alteration of initials) it has been of much service—much more than I can bear to think of. Since the receipt, I have learnt, my fame had began to be tarnished, by my being so much with the person alluded to. Notwithstanding the request of secresy by *Adrastus* I wish it to appear in your valuable Miscellany, that others of my sex may avoid the rocks on which I had almost been cast away.

I am a constant reader, &c.

DELIA.

Broadway, Feb. 1803.

New-York, Feb. 1803.

Miss A.

Relying on the amiable disposition so strongly expressed in your countenance, may a sincere well wisher, tho' a perfect stranger, (not having the pleasure to know or be known by you) take the liberty of giving a few friendly hints.

An excellent old proverb says, "a female should not only *be* virtuous but *appear so* also"—this is so generally approved of, that it needs no comment—nor does this, "persons are known by the company they keep." *A female cannot be too particular in the choice of her associates.*

In this city, when *one* young fellow suspects a girl's character, it is whispered round to *many*, not as a suspicion, but as a certainty—yet it may remain for years confined to the men, without coming to the ears of a single lady.

There are certain young ladies with whom you associate, who are so much in the streets, &c. that every body knows them—I have many times been standing in front of the different churches when Miss G—— has walked by, and have always then heard a sneer, stifled laugh, or direct insinuation not in her favor; and on seeing a young lady of genteel appearance pass with her, enquired who she was, and learnt it was you, (and that *your* family was very respectable) since which I have noticed you together several times.

A mutual acquaintance of you and myself, says he has been prompted by curiosity more than once to follow you of an evening, and *not long* since, saw you and Miss G—— coming from Trinity church, gallanted by persons whose names are unknown to him—he lost sight of you near the Theatre, but disapproved of the conduct and conversation of your gallant, beside the impropriety of him and Miss G—— being your companions.

Nothing further will be added, but again requesting you to excuse my disinterested presumption, to burn this so soon as read, keep it sacredly secret, and be assured you will not be any more troubled by

Your friend

ADRASTUS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

TO MR. CHARLES OSBURN,

On the death of his wife.

OFT when bright Sol in fullest splendor crown'd
Rises majestic from his watery bed,
Darts his invigorating rays around
Enlivens man, and cheers the flow'ry mead;

Oft when the morning fondly smiles and we
Look for a day unclouded and serene;
Yet long ere noon the cheering prospects flee
And darksome clouds and tempest intervene.—

Thus my dear Osborn, bright thy morning shone;
Since at the altar, scarce one year is past,
When with fond hopes the happy vow was sworn,
And joys, anticipated long to last.—

But soon a cloud of disappointments spread
O'er all thy hopes a gloomy veil,
In early youth thy bosom-partner dead,
And you in youth her early fate bewail.—

Tho' the affliction keen, the wound severe,
Yet know th' afflictive hand is his whose love
Surpasses ev'ry fond affection here;
The admiration of the saints above.—

Learn that man's hopes of happiness below,
Are vain and fleeting as the morning dew;
Tho' fair his dawn, his evening oft is woe,
His days are fleeting and his joys are few.—

May the dear *infant, pledge of faithful love,
Be long a comfort and in peace survive;
A lovely image of the mother prove,
And in a father's fond affections live.—

May resignation such as she expir'd,
Even in those moments of exquisite pain;
Calm the keen anguish of your troubled breast,
Nor let your deep afflicted soul complain.—

He's the just parent who corrects his son,
The God of Love, eternally the same;
Then say——"*Thy righteous will be done,*
"*Forever blessed be thy holy name.*"——

EDWIN.

* *She has left an infant three weeks old.*

On the Inconveniences to which little Women are subject.

SIR,

THAT littleness should give an idea of youth is easily accounted for; but I cannot see why a girl who is short in stature should always be treated as if she was in leading-strings, any more than a gentleman who is under-sized should be supposed to be just breeched. For my part, I am turned of eighteen, and consequently have been a woman these five years; yet they seem to look upon me as a perfect baby; I wonder, indeed, that they do not cram me into a cradle, and feed me with a pap-spoon. With my aunt, it is a *child* every word, and every body else calls me *little Miss*; but, when they mean to pay me an extraordinary compliment, then I am a *pretty little Lady*. When I first came down into the country, a lady in the neighborhood very civilly invited me to come and play with her grand-daughter, who was eleven years old; and a great bulky fellow, who was, they said, my godfather, most boisterously took me up in his arms (like Gulliver and his nurse reversed) and fell a slobbering and nustling me as if I had been actually in swaddling clothes. Our visitors never fail to bring fruits and sweetmeats with them in their pockets for *Miss*; and I am constantly insulted by the civility of your good old ladies, who are for loading me with slices of rich plumb or seed cakes of their own making. When I sit down to table, I am helped very sparingly to the meats, as if they thought I had not yet cut my teeth; but my plate is filled with pudding and pie, which they take for granted *Miss* must be very fond of. When I proposed riding a single horse, that was objected to, as no poney could be found small enough; and it was even debated whether I should be carried before or behind the servant. What vexes me still more, however, they seem to rate my understanding by my person; and, as I am no bigger, they conclude me as ignorant as a child; consequently their conversation with me is most trifling, and often borders on the dialect of the nursery. One gentlewoman was astonished to hear I could write; and another observed, upon my reading a common article out of a newspaper, that, indeed, I read mighty well of my age. In a word, Sir, (or in *short* if you please) I meet with so many of these imperti-

nences, that I am quite sick of them. The only remedy I can hope for, is, to find some man compassionate enough to *un-miss* me and make a *woman* of me by making me a *wife*.

I am, &c.

DOROTHY SHORT.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 19, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 25 persons during the week ending on the 12th inst. viz. of Consumption 10—Abscess in the thigh 1—Decay 1—Inflammation 1—Pleurisy 1—Hives 1—not distinguished 10. Adults 15. Children 10. Total 25.

Thomas Lee, mate of the ship Flora, of this port, on Wednesday night last, fell from the side of the ship into the river, and in his fall struck his head against the gunwale of a pilot boat along side. When he was taken up he only uttered a groan and expired.

As Mr. John Howard, a young man belonging to the Eastward, was firing at a flock of ducks, on Thursday, near the Hook, his gun burst, and he had one of his hands shot off. He was brought to town in the James Daniel pilot-boat.

A melancholy accident lately happened at Beziers, in the department of Herault, in France.—An inhabitant of that place having deposited a quantity of new wine in his cellar, descended thither a few days afterwards to inspect it, when he was immediately killed by the vapor arising from the wine in a state of fermentation. His wife, alarmed at his long stay, called for help, when three men went down into the cellar, who all experienced the same fate. The wife followed them, and was attacked by the vapor when half way down, and her life with difficulty preserved.

A very distressing accident happened at Baltimore, on Monday evening, the 2d inst. A porter, who was in the employ of Messrs. Peters and Johnson, lost his way, it is supposed, by reason of the thick and heavy fog and drove himself, horse and dray, off the lower end of Bowly's wharf into the bason. His lifeless body was taken up the following morning. We learn he has left a wife and three children to lament his disastrous departure hence.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

IN our last we promised an account of the manner in which the VOICE OF NATURE was personated, which we now proceed to perform.

The character of *Lilla* was represented by Mrs. Hodgkinson. *Lilla* is the Heroine of the piece. The mother from whom her infant has been stolen; who in every child sees some trait of that which she has lost; who at length recognizes her long lost treasure and firmly braves the power of her rival, in the hope of recovering possession, losing in the feelings of the mother, all the timidity of the unprotected cottage-girl—such a character interests every auditor; every heart is alive to her feelings and takes part in all her sorrows, her hopes and her triumphs. The representative of *Lilla* ought to be possessed of exquisite sensibility. There is not a line but is fraught with meaning, and tho' every thing she says meets the sympathy and applause of the audience, yet it is no common task for the actress to give its full force to each thought which the author has allotted to her, and to second by just action and emphasis, words which are so true to the standard of Nature.

Alzaira is the very opposite of *Lilla* By nature haughty, subtle and irrascible: filled with the idea of her importance from wealth, beauty, and her approaching nuptials with the prince: yet conscious of secret crimes which during the action of the piece are constantly brought to her recollection; she requires a representative of majestic stature, great beauty, elegance of deportment and taste in dress, who must likewise be a mistress in her profession. Such a representative was found in Mrs. Johnson. This lady has in nothing done herself more honor than by representing a character to which the audience must be invariably averse: a character which cannot draw one plaudit to cheer the actress;—who must be so superior to the common feelings of the profession, as to be content with the approbation of her own judgment and the judicious and critical portion of her hearers. The audience repeatedly testified their approbation of Mrs. Johnson's delivery of passages which had in themselves nothing to call forth applause. This is a species of approbation worthy of being covetted; it is an unmixed tribute of admiration, in which the author has no share. In the delivery of the Epilogue, Mrs. Johnson was peculiarly happy and her efforts were received with enthusiastic pleasure and tumultuous plaudits.

Next in consequence to the contending mothers is the character of Alphonso. A model of dignity, wisdom and Justice. This truly noble personage has little connexion with the fable, except as he is the judge, and as such produces the catastrophe. In this dignified station, Mr. Fennel appeared to great advantage: he delivered his author with great energy and propriety, and looked indeed a king.

Mr. Hodgkinson's *Rinaldo* has gained him much deserved applause; and tho' no arduous task, yet the feeling, and just conception of the author, which were uniformly evinced, demand a due tribute of praise—The manner in which *Rinaldo* utters his detestation of his conduct in seducing the innocent girl it was his duty to protect—his tenderness when viewing and caressing the child of *Lilla*—his exultation at her triumph, and generous determination to make her amends—were all true exhibitions of Nature as given by Mr. Hodgkinson, and gained the applause of the critical as well as the untutored observer.

Bendetta is a character drawn from Nature, and with as much truth as the more prominent personages. Mrs. Hogg deserves commendation for the representation.

Mr. Johnson always pleases, yet we must think the author meant the words "The wind blew and the rose wither'd" to be spoken with archness, rather than with a delicacy and pathos which appear improper, (nay ludicrously affected) in such a man as *Vasquez*.

The *Child* is an object of great interest. The extreme youth which is necessary

would make it difficult in most places to find a fit representative, but fortunately, here, we see in the person of Miss Hodgkinson every thing the mind could wish or the imagination picture of the child of *Lilla*.

On the whole we have seldom seen a play so well got up as the VOICE OF NATURE; and we doubt not but it will be long a source of pure pleasure to our fellow citizens, and well deserved emolument to the Manager. We are happy to see it announced for Monday.

A PERSON happening to call one day upon an acquaintance, found him exercising his wife with that discipline which Jobson tries in the farce of the *Devil to pay*, and being hurt at the ungenerous task undertaken by his friend, he begged of him, by all the ties of honor, to forbear; at the same time asking him the occasion of such severe treatment.—The occasion is, said the enraged husband, that *she will not be mistress in her own house*. His friend expressed great astonishment at the answer, and remarked, that the omission was such as he believed no woman ever gave her husband occasion to thrash her for before—Ah! said the husband, but *my wife wont be mistress because she wants to be MASTER*.

A poor unfortunate Irishman was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. The Justice asked him what brought him over to England?—A ship, your honor—A ship echoed the Magistrate—you impertinent fellow!—How do you get your living?—By my *hands*, your honor; I am a *hay-maker*.—How long have you been out of work?—Please your honor, our trade has been rather *dull this winter*.

The governor has granted a conditional pardon to Richard D. Croucher, who about two years ago was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in the state prison during the term of his life, on a conviction of a rape. He is ordered to leave the country in two weeks.

Violent passions are so many tigers which tear us to pieces.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE

Marriages.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. William Jenkins, of Harlaem, to Miss Ruth Fairchild, of Stratford.

On last Saturday evening, Benjamin R. Seaman, to Miss Catharine J. Provoost, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Samuel Cowdry, to Miss Eliza Anderson, daughter of Mr. Albert Anderson; all of this city.

At Norfolk, Doctor Octavius Augustus Valentine Bowen George Washington Warren Lewis RAILION, *jun. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Myers* PORTER, *of Norfolk.*

AS FLIES THE DEW BEFORE THE MORNING SUN,
SO FLIES MAN'S HOPES OF HAPPINESS BELOW.

Deaths.

Died, February 14th, after a short illness, at the blooming age of 18, the amiable and much beloved Mrs. Eliza Osburn, consort of Mr. Charles Osburn, merchant of this city.

On Monday evening, Mr. John Burt, of this city: drowned.

On Friday morning, Mrs. Huget, wife of Francis Huget.

At New Brunswick, Gen. Anthony W. White; a distinguished officer in the revolutionary army of the United States.

At Elizabethtown, Mathew Green, Printer, 86 years old.

At Thetford, Eng. Mrs. Ward, who had practiced Midwifery for upwards of 70 years. She buried 3 husbands, and brought into the world more than 15,000 children.

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals.
Apply at this office.

THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed, that
On Monday evening, Feb. 21, 1803, the Theatre will be opened with
A Drama, 3d time, called, The
Voice of Nature.
To which will be added, a celebrated Comedy, in 3 acts, called,
The Country Heiress,
Or, the Man of Quality.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.
LOTTERY TICKETS,
In Halves Quarters and Eighths.

Blank Books of every description.
Bibles of every size.

REUBEN AND RACHAEL,
OR
Tales of old Times.
BY
Mrs. Rowson.

THE VICAR OF LANSDOWNE,
Or Country Quarters.

MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.
By Regina Maria Rooke.

HUTCHINS' ALMANACKS
For the year 1803.

LOTTERY TICKETS,
In Lottery No. 1,
For the Encouragement of Literature,
For sale in Halves and Quarters,
At No. 143 Pearl Street.
Tickets registered and examined by the Managers' Book.

FANCY BASKETS,
Just received per the Ship Flora, Captain Lee, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toilet, Fruit, Wine Glass, Tumbler, Bread and Market Baskets, for sale by
JAMES THORBURN,
No. 24, Maiden-Lane,
Who keeps a constant supply of Tubs, Coolers, Pails, and other wooden-ware.
Feb. 19th.

EPILOGUE TO

THE VOICE OF NATURE:

WRITTEN BY WM. DUNLAP,

SPOKEN BY MRS. JOHNSON.

SO, I have play'd Alzaira's part quite through—
But is it drawn from Nature?—is it true?
Could any female who had ever known,
E'er felt, a mother's anguish as her own,
Conceive the thought of tearing from her breast
The joy that lulls a mother's pains to rest!
O no! the libel ne'er shall be believ'd:—
The thought was by unfeeling man conceiv'd—
Man takes the pen, and as his passion sways,
Sketches in harsh, coarse lines, mild Nature's ways,
Or, from his own dark breast combines harsh features,
Then swears, the ugly brat is Mother Nature's.
So Shakespeare, when by moody humors sway'd,
When hags and demons form his fancy play'd,
His mind, familiar grown with blood and death,
Drew the curst wife of wavering Macbeth.
But do such things exist? I'll ne'er believe it!
Ladies, I'm sure your minds can ne'er conceive it!
The Voice of Nature is alive in all:
Your hearts have heard and answer'd to her call:
The female heart is, by the will of heav'n,
To Nature, as her sacred temple, giv'n;
And when this truth is falsified by man,
It is a libel on creation's plan.
Alzaira—tho' I believe the poet drew
The story from a source acknowledg'd true—
Is so at variance with the female heart,
That mine revolts whene'er I read the part;
So, ladies, if I play without due spirit,
You must not place it to my heart's demerit.
I am a mother—can I represent
One who could steal the mother's best content;
Rob from the parent breast her darling bliss:
O no! I cannot feel a part like this!
Yet well I know it is the drama's task,
To tear from vice her highly-polish'd mask,
And she who makes guilt hateful, serves the cause
Of virtue, and deserves as much applause,
As one, who robed in truth's eternal rays,
Persuades to tread her ever-pleasant ways.
Arm'd with this thought, for you, I'll do my best
To represent a being—I detest.
There was a time, when ladies, tho' they felt
Fair Nature's voice, and at her altars knelt,
Yet, like some devotees, of whom 'tis said
That to appear religious is their dread,
They kept their true devotion in their heart,
And seem'd to worship Nature's rival, Art:
Their locks, which Nature bade in ringlets flow,
Were upright rear'd, a monument of woe;
Their necks, where ev'ry grace enthron'd appears,
Were ruff'd all round, and kerchief'd to the ears;
All fair proportion from the form was driv'n,
And stays, and hoops, heil'd the work of heav'n.
But, taste be thank'd! that time is now long past;
The Voice of Nature has been heard at last:
Each female gladly Nature's call obeys,
And doffs her ruffs, her kerchiefs, and her stays,
Her hoops, her pockets; all are laid aside.
And beauty boasts, that, Nature is her pride.
Long may that beauty which this presence graces;
Assemblage sweet of joy-illumin'd faces—
Where ev'ry form and ev'ry lovely feature,
Bespeaks attention to the Voice of Nature,
Enjoy those blessings which from virtue flow,
Health unalloy'd, and bliss unmix'd with woe!

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Messrs. Editors,

The following I was favored with by a friend. It is from the pen of a Lady, whose writings, tho' never published, have given much pleasure to the circle of her intimates. Should you esteem them worthy of a place in the poetic department of your Miscellany, you are at liberty to insert them. B.

The following lines were written extempore, by Mrs. Cottnam, on seeing the Rev. Mr. Bours' Corps, with a well-done picture of him hanging over it.

WHAT do I see! what a sad contrast's here!
How chang'd does that late pleasing form appear!
Death has too surely struck the fatal blow;
That portrait once so like, how diff'rent now!
That form and painted Canvas now takes place,
And there alone thy features we can trace;
Tho' thy pale, livid cheek, no longer glows,
What once thou wast, that lively picture shows;
The vital spark extinct, that face no more
Can vie with what it far excell'd before;
Robb'd of that noble animating part,
Which lay beyond the skilful painter's art.
See! how he lies, a lifeless lump of clay,
Cold, stiff, insensible—to worms a prey!
Those eyes so oft lift up in fervent prayer,
Are clos'd, and wholly lost that heav'nly air
That show'd the faithful pastor's pious care;
Those lips whence reason and sound doctrine flow'd,
Dress'd in sweet language, eloquent, not loud;
Those lips, that tongue, shall now no more delight,
But seal'd, must rest in everlasting night;
All but that heav'n-born spark, th' immortal ray,
That's now absorb'd in one vast flush of day.
Yet lost to us we mourn thy early fate;
Why was a life so useful, of so short a date?
Crop'd in thy prime, e'er half thy course was run,
What virtue's lost, what worthy deeds undone!
Oh! thou, whose life and precepts were the same,
Righteous from principle, not love of fame;
Won by thy preaching, by thy conduct sway'd,
How many converts might at this yet have made!
But, who shall dare the ways of heav'n to scan?
And yet, how intricate its ways to man!
To what bless'd purpose thou wast sent, or why
So soon recall'd, no creature can descry:
Let it suffice, short-sighted mortals must
Resign, for all th' Almighty's ways are just;
Yet o'er thy breathless corps a friendly tear I'll shed,
And as I lov'd thee living, must lament thee dead.

JUST PUBLISHED
by Ming & Young,
THE
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
For 1803.—containing,

Astronomical calculations,—Government Officers of the U. States,—do. of the State of N. York—Charter officers of the cities of N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Duties on imports—Officers of the principal Societies in the city of N. Y.—Directors of the Banks in N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Times of holding U. S. Courts—Times of holding Courts in the State of N. York—Money Tables—Gauging Table—Post days at N. York—Table of Roads, &c. &c.

The above useful little work may be had of most of the Booksellers in this city, price 25 cents.

‡o‡ A few copies will be bound in a pocket-book manner.

FANCY CHAIRS,
Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-Street.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, in Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.

Among all the innocent, salutary, and perfectly efficacious Cosmetics of Smith's preparing, improved chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative, holds the most distinguished rank, and is famed as every toilet of fashion in London, and, from the great demand, will soon be so in America. That the public may no longer be imposed on by the trash under that name, Smith is determined not to sell any without his seal and name on the bottle in copperplate, warranted genuine, or taken back and the money returned. It is likewise of so innocent a nature, it might be used internally, in the most infant state, it being truly deserving of the many impartial recommendations it hourly merits from the first of families, owing to the many excellent qualities which it possesses above any thing of the kind ever discovered. No wash was ever known to purify the skin equal to this. It cleans and preserves the most delicate complexion, keeps the lustre of beauty to extreme old age, makes the reddest and brownest skin fair and white, unblemished by wrinkles, pimples, tan, morphews, and every other deformity of the skin. It is exceeding fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it heals and takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed directions, 6s per bottle, small do. at 3s. Ladies that take the Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement. Smith would just mention, that his chemical milk of roses was highly recommended by some of the gentlemen of the faculty who have taken the trouble to analize this wash, and express their wonder that a thing so innocent would have such an immediate effect upon the skin.

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